

THE CONQUEST

OF

QUEBEC:

A POEM

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THE CONQUEST

OF

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QUEBEC:

A POEM.

Occasioned by the Premium offered by the Right Honourable
the Earl of LITCHFIELD, Chancellor of the University
of OXFORD.

By the Reverend WILLIAM COOKE, A. B.
Fellow of NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD; and Chaplain to the Right Honourable
the Marquis of TWEEDDALE.

*Belli fera maniera Mavors
Armipotens regit.*

LUCR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS, opposite Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn,
Printers to the ROYAL SOCIETY.

MDCCLXIX.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

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OF THE

A. P. O. E. M.

Overlaid by the Premium offered by the Right Honourable
the Earl of Litchfield, Chancellor of the University
of Oxford.

By the Reverend WILLIAM COCKER, A.B.
Fellow of New College, Oxford; and Chaplain to the Right Honourable
the Marquis of Tweeddale.

LONDON: Printed by J. Johnson, Strand.

1801.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Davis and Co. Stationers, in the Strand.



(Price One Shilling and Six Pence.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author was an Under-graduate when he composed the following Poem, in Consequence of the Premium given by the Right Honourable the Chancellor of *Oxford*. It is now published, with no Design to arraign the Judgment of those who decided on that Occasion; but purely in Obedience to particular Friends, who have deemed it worthy of the public Notice, and have a Right to command.

In the Course of the Work, he thought it necessary to give some Description of one of the noblest Rivers in the World. This allowed Scope to his Invention, and the Reader will not, he hopes, on this Account, complain of being detained too long from the principal Action; in which he has endeavoured to pay due Honours to the great Commanders by Sea and Land in that most arduous Undertaking, and given a close Attention to Historic Fact.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Merchant begins the Relation of his Adventures to his assembled Friends, to l. 25.—Last bound from the Leeward Islands to Acadia; he is driven by a Storm from the South East into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to l. 48.—The Wind veering full East, he is forced up the River, to l. 76.—The Storm abating, they repair the Damage of it, to l. 90.—The River of St. Lawrence described, to l. 140.—His Interview with Colonel Carleton, to l. 184.—He joins General Wolfe, who gains the Heights of Abraham, to l. 274.—Montcalm assembles his Forces, to l. 310.—Contrives an Ambuscade for the British Officers, to l. 340.—Order of Battle, to l. 358.—General Wolfe twice wounded, the last Time mortally, to l. 386.—Montcalm and his next in Command are mortally wounded, to l. 400.—Battle continues, to l. 430.—Death and Character of General Wolfe, to l. 468.—The Victory is compleat, to l. 478.—Surrender of Quebec and Death of Montcalm, to 486.—Conclusion.

T H E C O N Q U E S T

O F

Q U E B E C.

“ **T**HRICE happy! who no future Ills descry,

“ And on the past reflect a chearful Eye;

“ Who, safely landed on firm Virtue's Shore,

“ Can hear the Storm grow thick, and Ocean roar;

“ Unknown the Cares on festive Pomp that wait,

5

“ Unfear'd the racking Pains of pamper'd State.

“ The grasping Merchant barter's Ease and Health

“ For dearer Gold and all-commanding Wealth,

“ Now where *Arabia* curls her sandy Wave,

“ And gives the Traveller a living Grave;

10

“ Now where at large the wild *Canadians* stray,

“ And, Foes to Mercy, rend the Scalp away;

“ Now

" Now fears the Tempest, now some hostile Band,
 " Now marks dread Footsteps on the desert Strand;
 " Now rests upon th' inhospitable Ground, 15
 " While the brown Adder strikes the burning Wound."

So spoke EUGENIO from the temperate Board,
 To *British* Air, and greeting Friends restor'd;
 " O wondrous Man!" rejoin'd his Friends around,
 And the Dome echo'd with the plausible Sound. 20

ALL eager now, with ravish'd Ears, inhale
 The strange Adventures of his piteous Tale,
 When thus he quick resum'd, and the Words hung
 Sweeter than *Hybla's* Honey on his Tongue.

" PROMPTED by Thirst of Gold, accurs'd Disease! 25
 On Toils I rush'd, in Search of future Ease;
 In the tall Ship we made th' *Acadian* Coast,
 (Skill in commercial Arts was then my Boast)
 When to the black South East the Wind 'gan veer,
 With gloomy Prefage of the Tempest near. 30

Too

Too sure;—anon with rapid Force it falls,
 And rends the Vessel with impetuous Squalls,
 While the torn Shrouds, that flutter'd, with the Sound
 Of bursting Thunder seem'd our Ears to wound.
 Dire was the Din throughout: Constrain'd we move, 35
 As with the Storm the Tide consenting drove.
 Now haggard Night with wontless Terrors came,
 The broken Floods were wrapt in vivid Flame,
 Still held the Winds and Waves tumultuous Fray,
 And ev'ry painful Bosom wish'd for Day; 40
 Long wish'd in vain: At last the tardy Morn
 Shew'd us ingulph'd, on Mountain Billows borne;
 Behind us far we left th' extended Strand,
 Where old LAURENTIUS girds the *New-found-land*.
 Next to our Eyes, and long ere Evening's Close, 45
 The desert Isle of *Anticosti* rose,
^a Lin'd with insid'ous Breakers; but now giv'n,
 Forceful, to lift th' indignant Surge to Heav'n.

* The Current setting strong in upon it, renders the Navigation here, in Case of a Calm, extremely dangerous, as the Island is lined with Breakers.

Modern Univers. Hist. Vol. XXXIX. p. 371.

SWIFT onward, as the bearded Shaft, we flew, -
 And full from East the Gusts impetuous blew, 50
 Each Heart foretasted Death ; our Poles were bare,
 And the loose Helm refus'd the Master's Care ;
 At ev'ry op'ning Seam the Torrent gush'd,
 And on the Jaws of doubtless Fate we rush'd.
 On either Shore we fear'd perfidious Foes, 55
 Where craggy Rocks and dusky Horrors rose.

'Twas then I cry'd, not yet of Sense bereft,
 Ev'n now some Hopes, some languid Hopes are left ;
 Ere yet the *Leward* Islands, to our Cost,
 For these inhospitable Realms of Frost 60
 We chang'd ; the flying Rumor then prevail'd,
 That hitherward the brave DURELL had fail'd ;
 AMHERST, with whom high Skill and Prudence dwell,
 March'd tow'rd the Wilds where the rash BRADDOCK fell ;
 JOHNSON humane begirt those hostile Walls, 65
 Near fam'd NIAGARA's tremendous Falls ;
 Let Reason's Voice dispel unmanly Fear,
 These may have conquer'd, and Relief is near.

THUS

THUS your EUGENIO chear'd each drooping Mate,
 And they were chear'd, not studious to relate, 70
 When hideous Night too soon should intervene
 With fable Veil, to close the dreary Scene,
 What Perils might ensue from the ^b *red Isle*,
 From ^c *Coudres*, and, whose Fruits autumnal smile,
^d The wide-spread ORLEANS, erst where *Bacchus* deign'd 75
 His Residence; and o'er the Vintage reign'd.

But now in Air Night held her dark Abode,
 And through the palpable Obscure we rode.
 At length, while yet the Regent of the Day,
 Long-loitering, in the Lap of *Thetis* lay, 80
 The slack'ning Tempest sunk in faint Affays;
 The *northern Lights* diffus'd an ardent Blaze,

^b A dangerous Rock of that Colour, whose Surface is equal to the Water, and often proves fatal to Shipping. Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XXXIX. p. 372.

^c The Isle of *Coudres*, where the Passage of the River is dangerous without a fair Wind. *Ibid.*

^d When the Island of *Orleans* was first discovered by *James Cartier*, it was covered with Vines, on which Account he called it the Isle of *Bacchus*; but some *Normans*, who succeeded him, turned those Vine-grounds into Corn-lands and Orchards, so that now they produce excellent Wheat and fine Fruits. *Ibid.*

In Heav'n wide-streaming; and the Lunar Beam
 Pour'd on the lab'ring Waves a welcome Gleam.
 Th' Ear-piercing Whistle gave the glad Command, 85
 Some splice the Cordage with an active Hand,
 Some bend and bid the recent Canvas fly,
 Or teach the Helm, reluctant, to comply.
 The less'ning Shore the Floods returning lave,
 And urge our Passage on the swelling Wave. 90

STILL as the due Vicissitudes allow,
 Labour and Ease succeed; and Nature now,
 By Toils exhausted and with Cares oppress'd,
 Reclaim'd the long-lost Interval of Rest.

SUNK in the friendly Arms of calm Repose, 95
 Sleep's filken Bands my weary'd Limbs enclose,
 When the Stream's GENIUS to my wond'ring Eyes,
 In Form majestic rose, or seem'd to rise.
 His hoary Locks a musky Odour shed,
 A Crown of Reeds high-wav'd upon his Head; 100
 A furry Tunic girt his ample Chest;
 Flow'd from his Shoulders a cœrulean Vest,

Fraught

Fraught with strange Figures; in the spreading Trail,
 Gambol'd, in sportive Mood, th' enormous Whale:
 The tumbling *Porpois* join'd, in wanton Play, 105
 The wide mouth'd *Onisc* on the liquid Way;
 The drowsy *Turtle* seem'd to slumber there,
 The tasteful Epicure's delicious Fare,
 While more aloft, conspicuous to my Sight,
 † *Lencornets* round, enamour'd of the Light, 110
 Appear'd: The *Salmon*, with his silver Scale,
 And the ‡ *Pyke*, shielded with his Coat of Mail;
 Still higher on the vary'd Verge, were seen
 Th' amphibious *Otter* and the *Wolfe-marine*:
 And cleanly *Beavers*, all the Summit round, 115
 Plann'd the new Town, and rais'd the fenceful Mound:
 And from his Mouth a Voice, as thus he spoke,
 Tumultuous as the Sound of Waters broke,
 " Why sleep'st thou here, while *Britain's* Thunder shakes
 " My captive Stream, and frees the distant Lakes? 120

* Or Cod-fish.

† A Kind of Cuttle Fish, quite round, or rather oval; they are very fond of Light: It is held out to them at high Water from the Shore, and they come to it, and so are left a-ground. Modern Univerf. Hist. vol. XXXIX. p. 390.

‡ An armed Fish, covered with Scales proof against a Dagger. *Ibid.*

“ Judicious HOLMES, experienc’d SAUNDERS call,
 “ And brave DURELL ;—adieu ! the *Gallic* Thrall !
 “ WOLFE leads his conq’ring Bands in bright Array ;
 “ Awake, arise, and share the glorious Day.”

Rouz’d by the Thunder of his Words, “ Arise, 125
 “ Why sleep ye here ?” I cry’d in wild Surprize ;
 “ Awake, arise, dismiss your empty Fears,
 “ And,” for the Voice still thunder’d in my Ears,
 “ WOLFE leads his conq’ring Bands in bright Array,
 “ Awake, arise, and share the glorious Day.” 130

All started into Life with instant Haste,
 For most Death’s silent Image had embrac’d ;
 All blest’d the Vision, when the rising Sun
 From the streak’d East, with milder Lustre shone.
 Alert with Joy our forward Course we shape, 135
 And pass, from ^h *Torment* nam’d, the stormy *Cape*,

^h A very high Promontory, which terminates a Chain of Mountains that reach above four hundred Leagues to the Westward, and is called *Cape Torment*.

Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XXXIX. p. 37

(Whence cloud-capt Mountains, beyond human Ken,
 Far to the West extend a lengthen'd Chain)
 To *Orleans*, and with ravish'd Eyes survey'd,
 Ensign of Health, the bleeding Cross display'd, 140
 And busy, on the western Point, we now
 Let fall the *sacred* Anchor from the Prow,
 When the brave ⁱ CARLETON wav'd a friendly Hand,
 And, ardent all, we leap'd upon the Strand.
 "Bless'd be the Pow'r," I cry'd, "that sped our Way, 145
 "On the swift Wings of angry Winds! O say,
 "How with our naval Chieftains? Fare they well?
 "The Lords of Ocean, SAUNDERS, HOLMES, DURELL?
 "How speeds our ^k Hero? with fresh Laurels crown'd?
 "High, from the Fall of LOUISBURGH, renown'd? 150
 "Undaunted MONCKTON how? And TOWNSHEND, far
 "Esteem'd in Council, as in active War?
 "And MURRAY, the *Marcellus* of our Age?
 "Names destin'd to adorn the future Page:

ⁱ Colonel *Carleton* made himself Master of the westernmost Point of the Island of *Orleans*, lying nearest to *Quebec*. Modern Univerf. Hift. Vol. XL. p. 229.

^k *Wolfe* had already distinguished himself in the Reduction of *Louisbourg*, where he had given amazing Proofs of his Abilities, personal as well as mental. *Ibid.* p. 127.

“ To ask if they *do* well were to disgrace 153
 “ The gen’rous Blood of each distinguish’d Race.”

As One who, late convinc’d, some Error mourn’d,
 He shook his anxious Head, and thus return’d;
 “ All, but our gallant Leader, Health we share,
 “ The ruddy Offspring of this chasten’d Air, 160
 “ Pale with Disease, and worn with deep Concerns,
 “ Th’ impatient Hero still for Action burns.
 “ Soon as our Navy made the destin’d Shore,
 “ We judg’d, unweeting, that our Cares were o’er,
 “ That now, as erst, for such in Arms our Fame, 165
 “ To *Come*, to *See*, and *Conquer*, were the same.
 “ To bid Events attend us, vain Pretence!
 “ Three Moons have held us here in dread Suspense,
 “ And now the Fourth brings on the tedious Hours,
 “ Yon hostile Ramparts still deride our Pow’rs. 170
 “ Yet think not, O my Friend, we live to say,
 “ That Camps or Men in Arms obstruct our Way.
 “ No;—but those steepy Heights which grieve mine Eye,
 “ And craggy Rocks, which all Access deny,
 “ Forbid; and the War languishes below, 175
 “ While his rough Mountains screen the wily Foe;
 “ Scale

"Scale we those envy'd Heights, yon tow'ring Wall,

"Tho' founded on the ¹ marble Rock, shall fall.

"Ere the gay Sun ascend the southern Sky,

"One desp'rate Effort yet we mean to try—

180

"But your wan Cheeks and eager Looks demand

"The due Repast, while on the crowded Strand

"The Barks assemble."—Our Repast was light,

For ev'ry Bosom panted for the Fight.

With Speed our Barks the chearful Troops convey,

185

Unconquer'd SAUNDERS guards the wat'ry Way,

Th' according Oars we ply, the Troops combine,

And the brave Chief salutes us as we join.

"HAIL to my Friends! fair Victory ye chase,

"Who long, too long, declines the close Embrace ::

190

"Howe'er of late with coy Disdain she flies,

"Who wins yon Summit, wins the lovely Prize.

"Then, ^m like his own *Canadian* Roe-buck, press'd

"By cruel Hunters in the desert Waste,

¹ *Quebec* is built on a Rock of Marble, and partly of Slate.

Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XXXIX. p. 374.

^m The *Canadian* Roebuck differs little or nothing from the *European*, and is said to shed Tears, when hard pressed by the Huntsman. *Ibid.* p. 384.

"The

" The *Gaul* of old defultory, shall bound, 195
 " And while he dreads, nor feels the fiery Wound,
 " Flying, like him, precipitant before,
 " With fruitless Tears the warm Pursuit deplore."

This said, all turn'd to Landward, and the Host
 With glitt'ring Arms possess'd the northern Coast, 200
 A shelving Slope, with frightful Fences lin'd,
 By rugged Rocks and headlong Steeps confin'd:
 Close on we pass'd, and ⁿ all was silent, save
 The wonted Murmur of the beating Wave:
 But all in Secret wish'd, with uplift Eyes, 205
 Like Cranes embodied, from the Shore to rise,
 As vengeful on the *Pigmy* Race they fall,
 And on the Wing to seize the panting *Gaul*.

HERE HOWE, with ev'ry social Virtue grac'd,
 (At whose lov'd Side, by Fate and Friendship plac'd 210
 Hopeful I march'd) solicitous to gain
 Some secret Passage to the guarded Plain,

* No Scheme ever was more liable to Disappointments, because an Alarm from the Mus-
 quet of a single Centinel must have rendered it impracticable.

Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XL. p. 233.

Starting

Starting observ'd, or Heav'n-directed, ° where
 One seeming Path ran slanting upwards; there
 Entangling Roots and spreading Branches grew, 215
 And Breaks, transverse, beguil'd the curious View.
 When the War burns, if *possible* the Task,
 Is all that injur'd *Britons* deign to ask:
 He saw, with dawning Hope, nor fail'd to prove,
 Arduous howe'er, the strange Ascent above: 220
 'Twas judg'd it *might* be pass'd—to gallant Men
 The practicable Deed was easy then.

As hardy Swains, beside some Mountain's Brow,
 Bend to the Labour of the toilsome Plough;
 The side-long Furrow seems to hang in Air, 225
 And the Glebe crafhes to the grinding Share,

° *Wolfe* told an Officer near him, That they must do their Endeavour to get up, though he did not see how it was possible. In the mean while, Colonel *Howe*, with the Light Infantry and the Highlanders, discovered a narrow Path, slanting up the Hill, by which, with the Assistance of Roots and Boughs of Trees, growing on each Side, it was just possible to ascend, although the Path was intersected by cross Ditches, and a *French* Entrenchment lay at the Top, which seems to have been but slenderly guarded. The Troops, gaining the Summit of this Path with incredible Difficulty, were formed by the General as they arrived at the Summit. *Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XL. p. 234.*

The wishful Hinds forestall, at ev'ry Strain,
 The Barns full-bursting with the golden Grain :
 So strain'd the Youth, when rising from the Beech,
 With various Action, each sustaining each ; 230
 Still as to Earth their aidful Hands they bend,
 The crackling Roots and twisted Boughs they rend ;
 Up the slant Steep thus pendulous they toil,
 While sanguine Hopes the painful Task beguile ;
 Their throbbing Breasts anticipate Delight, 235
 Bespeak the Triumph, and enjoy the Fight.

LONG Time was spent, or ere those Heights they gain,
 Ere the first Rank sprung dauntless on the Plain ;
 When the few Foes, that held th' Entrenchment near,
 Astounded and aghast were wing'd with Fear. 240
 To MONTCALM's Ears they bring the Tale of Grief ;
 Amazement equal struck the *Gallic* Chief.
 " What !—up the guarded Precipice ?" he cries,
 " Who *so* can reach the *Heights of Abraham*, flies.
 " It cannot be—or, if it be, yet will 245
 " Superior Numbers well befriend us still.
 " Sithence nor Foresight now, nor Art avails,
 " Strong Action must decide, where Prudence fails.
 " Necessity,

“ Necessity, the last Enforcement, calls,
 “ And the King’s Will to save these nodding Walls.” 250

As the Troops issue to the mountain Land,
 Illustrious WOLFE arranges ev’ry Band :
 In perfect Phalanx now, with added Life,
 To the shrill Numbers of the martial Fife
 They move harmonious ; O ! ’tis fine to see 255
 Firm Virtue and united Vigour ! He
 Darts his experienc’d Eye traverse the Files,
 Observes their warm Alacrity, and smiles.
 As fell Disease had lost his native Pains,
 While in-bred Ardour glow’d through all his Veins. 260

“ ’Tis done,” he said, “ the natural Mounds are ours,
 “ And wild Dismay confounds the *Gallic* Pow’rs
 “ To Chains, to Famine, or to Death referr’d,
 “ As the stern Tyrant dooms the servile Herd.
 “ The Sons of Freedom, ye ! whose Sword defends 265
 “ Your injur’d Colonies and weeping Friends,
 “ Vindictive drawn, to punish faithless Fraud,
 “ While Heav’n assists, and rescued Realms applaud.

" In such a Cause, what *British* Feet can fly ?
 " In such a Cause, what Bosom beats not high ? 270
 " This consecrates the War ; and he who bleeds,
 " In such a glorious Cause, in Death succeeds."

BLIND to Events, inspirited they heard
 His Words, nor One the latent Omen fear'd.

ASSIDUOUS MONTCALM now, the *Gallic* Boast, 275
 On P *Beauport*'s Plain conven'd his num'rous Host.
 While oft on his QUEBEC, her Temples high,
 And Domes superb, he cast a pitying Eye.
 No Field he fear'd, long train'd amidst Alarms,
 Save where the Prospect gleam'd with *British* Arms ; 280
 Thence provident, had summon'd from afar
 The savage Nations to the doubtful War :
 The ¹ skin-clad *Esquimaux*, who eat for Food
 The quiv'ring Flesh, and drink the reeking Blood ;

¹ He collected all his Strength together about *Beauport*. Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XL.
 P. 234.

² An *Indian* Word, signifying an Eater of raw Flesh. They wear a Kind of Shirt made
 of Bladders, or the Intestines of Fish, neatly sewed together. Above this, they wear a Surtout,
 made of a Bear's or some other Skin. They wear Breeches made of Skins, and Pumps, and
 Shoes, and Boots of the same. *Ibid.* Vol. XXXIX. p. 395.

The ^r fierce *Algonquins*, prodigal of Breath, 285
 Who rush impetuous on the Ranks of Death;
 The ^s gentler *Hurons*, who esteem it Fame
 To scower the Wilds, and pierce the flying Game;
^t Stern *Iroquoise*, regardless of the Spoil;
 With Blood unsated in the ruthless Broil; 290
 And ^u *Montagnez* that, wild in Triumph, deck
 With Spoils of bleeding Scalps the sponfal Neck.
 Warriors from *Erie* and *Detroit* were there,
Sauteurs and *Miamis*, the *Delaware*;
 And from the wide *Ontario's* southern Side, 295
 And ^v *Michigan*, with many Streams supply'd:
 These, won with Wiles, unweeting, crowded all
 To the rear'd Standard of the faithless *Gaul*,

^r The *Algonquins* had no Rivals in *North America*, as Hunters and Warriors. Modern Univerf. Hift. Vol. XXXIX. p. 405.

^s They are, in every respect, more social and better polished than their Neighbours. *Ibid.*

^t In a short Time they became so well practised in the Art of Blood, that they thought themselves a Match for the *Algonquins*, and fell on them with a Fury, which shewed that they could be satiated with nothing less than the Extermination of them. *Ibid.* p. 505.

^u They tied the Scalps to long Poles, as the Signals of Triumph, which the Women seizing, hung them round their Necks, by Way of Ornament. *Ibid.* p. 414.

^v See the Map.

Well skill'd w to hurl, amidst the dreadful Strife,
 The murd'rous Axe, and strike the pointed Knife ; 300
 But now, to further Arts of Terror bred,
 From the long Tube to force the missive Lead.

NOR needed These, since from the silver *Seine*,
 Which laves the conq'ring *Norman's* old Domain ;
 From where, amidst his Vines, the placid *Yonne* 305
 Luxuriant glides ; and where the deep *Garonne*,
 Swoln with strange Tribute, speeds his wat'ry Way,
 And to th' *Atlantic* joins the *Midland* Sea ;
 Twelve thousand Youths compleat his native Bands,
 Expert in Arms, and wait his dread Commands. 310
 Superfluous Strength ! if Numbers could outweigh
 Firm Courage, in the well-contested Day.

HIS Strength he saw, well-pleas'd, but not elate,
 Vers'd in the Changes of uncertain Fate,

* Their Instruments of War are, Muskets, Hatchets, and long sharp-pointed Knives. These they always carry about with them. The Hatchet they stick in their Girdle behind ; and they have the Art of directing and regulating its Motion so, that, though it turns round as it flies, the Edge always sticks near the Place they aim at. *Account of the Conferences held between Sir William Johnson and the Indian Nations.* Preface, p. 6.

Perpending

Perpending studiously what new Supplies 315

From the rich Fund of Reason might arise.

He knew the *Briton* unsuspecting, fair,

A noble Combatant, and free as Air ;

He knew the Leader's Life an Army's Light,

The Pledge of Conquest, and the Soul of Fight ; 320

Then ply'd his Genius, plans the fatal Wile,

With Frauds familiar and insidious Guile,

And to the tawney Septs the Scheme imparts,

Well-suited Exercise to savage Hearts :

* Their Charge—as rank'd beneath the leafy Spray 325

In the brown Thickets undiscern'd they lay,

At ev'ry Chief to aim the pointed Fire,

As Place distinguish'd, and the rich Attire.

The brinded Tiger thus, enrag'd for Food,

And mad with ardent Thirst of human Blood, 330

As the clear Path some fearless Hind shall take,

Springs on the Victim from the rustling Brake.

* Having with him about 1500 *Indians* and *Canadians*, who were excellent Marksmen and Bush-fighters, he lodged them in the Thickets all around. The Remainder of the *Indians* and *Canadians* were disposed so as to flank the *English* to the Land-side, on their Left.

Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XL. p. 234.

UNGEN'ROUS MONTCALM! stung with brutal Rage!
 A Name unhonour'd in the deathless Page!
 Lost to fair Fame, and fitted for Despair! 335
 Thy Blood shall rue the late-repent'd Snare.
 For this the proud, thy lov'd QUEBEC shall yield;
 Thy bleeding Friends bestrew the crimson'd Field;
 Thy closing Eyes, unpity'd, here deplore
 Thy blasted Wreaths, nor see thy native Shore! 340

THE *Gallic* Chieftain, on the fatal Day,
 With nicest Judgement form'd his dread Array,
 Stretch'd to the Right his far-extended Line
 To flank the Left, or ere the Battles join;
 y While TOWNSHEND there dispos'd in gallant Show 345
 His *potent* Wing, to face the double Foe.
 Strong was the Centre, and became the Plain,
 Warriors select, a formidable Train!

y To prevent any fatal Effects from this Disposition of the Enemy, Brigadier General *Townshend*, on the Left, drew up his Division, which consisted of six Batalions, *en Potence*; that is, in such a Manner as to present Two Fronts to the Enemy.

Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XL. p. 234.

Of

Of Wreaths acquir'd they told, and Wonders done
 Where SAXE led on, and mighty LOUIS won ; 350
 Nor ween'd of mightier Wonders to be wrought
 Where, well oppos'd, intrepid MURRAY fought.
 The glittering Troops of *Languedoc* compose
 His Left, and of *Guienne*, confirm'd by those
 Of warlike *Bearn* : His *Indian* Aids around, 355
 Chief on his Left, possess'd the cover'd Ground ;
 While BOUGAINVILLE in secret march'd, design'd
 To rush with Tumult on the Ranks behind.

ILLUSTRIOUS WOLFE, now ardent for the Fight,
 Where noble MONCKTON led the *British* Right 360
 In the grim Front of Battle took his Stand,
 In Danger first, as first in high Command,
 There stood distinguish'd and expos'd to View,
 2 When lo ! strange Volleys from the Covert flew,
 Like nether Light'nings bursting to the Birth, 365
 When thick'ning Vapours cleave the solid Earth.

² Their Bush-Fighters began the Battle by a Firing that was at once irregular and unfair, because their Pieces were levelled against the most gallant, and, therefore, the most exposed of the *British* Officers. *Modern Univers. Hist.* Vol. XL. p. 235.

Full on his Arm one Orb unerring lights,
 Where with the Hand the pliant Wrist unites,
 Silent, unchang'd, he bore the painful Wound,
 And o'er the Joint the folding 'Kerchief bound, 370
 Then forward, as unconscious of the Blow,
 Alert mov'd on, to face the distant Foe :
 Nor far had mov'd,—when, from that ambush'd Heath
 Discharg'd, a second Shot came wing'd with Death ;
 The Ranks beheld it, struck with inward Grief, 375
 And Anguish, deep as wrung the drooping Chief,
 Then wheel'd indignant, and with vengeful Ire,
 Pour'd on the barbarous Tribes the sheeted Fire ;
 Aw'd and abash'd, they saw the whelming Flame,
 Slunk from the Shade and fled, confess'd in Shame. 380
 The spotted Leopard, wont to rend before,
 The bleating Lamb, and drink the guiltless Gore,
 So, when the Sound of Hounds and Hunters near,
 And of the beaten Thicket wounds his Ear,
 Steals from his Covert to the neighb'ring Vale, 385
 And, urg'd with Dread, outstrips the Western Gale.

REPLAC'D the Line, with Bayonets screw'd on,
 Which from the levell'd Tubes, star-pointed, shone,

The

The *British* Wrath, with steady Vengeance, falls,
 And unremitting Thunder, on the *Gauls*; 390
 MONTCALM they seek enrag'd, the guilty Man,
 The direful Author of the fraudulent Plan;
 Nor MONTCALM long escapes the Vengeance due,
 The fiery Bullet, heav'n-directed, flew:
 His ready Slaves sustain him on the Way, 395
 And to QUEBEC the bleeding Chief convey:
 His Bosom-friend assisting at his Side,
 Nearest in Office, and in Action try'd,
 A fainting Captive, mourns th' unequal Strife,
 Bereft at once of Liberty and Life. 400

Tho' pierc'd with Wounds, not unconstrain'd he fled,
 Nor unaveng'd, nor unresisting bled.
 His Troops, as close the War advancing came,
 Effus'd a frequent, but unsteady Flame.
 Then MONTCKTON seem'd to yield his latest Breath, 405
 An early Victim to the Shades of Death,
 But gracious Heav'n beheld the brave Distress'd,
 And pour'd the Balm of Comfort on his Breast,

Bade him still live and sooth the general Tear,
 Dear to his Friends, and to his Country dear ; 410
 While his near Troops the staggering *Gauls* amaze,
 And drive upon the Front th' intolerable Blaze.

LIKE Feats were done, where noble MURRAY charg'd,
 His Heart with Hope of glorious Fame enlarg'd,
 Dreadful in Arms, his generous Warmth display'd, 415
 And shrunk the Laurels on the veteran Head.
 * His Mountain Warriors native Courage fir'd,
 These emulous to the Leader's Rank aspir'd,
 And rush'd impatient, panting all to close,
 With flaming Falchions, on the frightened Foes. 420

IN TOWNSHEND'S Wing more arduous was the Fight,
 Where weak Batalions quell'd confiding Might ;
 Where Strength, exulting, labour'd to prevail,
 And weigh with Numbers down the doubtful Scale.

* The most effectual Execution was done by the Division under Murray, many of whom were Highlanders ; who, drawing their broad Swords, drove the *French* before them. Modern Univerf. Hift. Vol. XL. p. 235.

But so with Jove *Enceladus* might hope, 425
 And War's with Wisdom's Deity, to cope.
 Their warmest Efforts and repeated Toils,
 Cool Conduct and deliberate Valour foils :
 Or on the Front or Flank th' Attempt how vain,
 If TOWNSHEND lead, and ^b gallant HOWE sustain ! 430

WHILE thus the Battle bled, in Death resign'd,
 Illustrious WOLFE his drooping Head reclin'd ;
 ' His kneeling Friend, himself oppress'd with Grief,
 Upheld, as faint he lean'd, the dying Chief,
 With Grief oppress'd, yet on the War intent, 435
 Eager and anxious for the great Event.
 At length, " They fly," his kind Supporter said,
 " They fly, they fly"—as starting from the Dead,

^b The *French* still depended on out-flanking the *English*; but their Right was so briskly plied by Colonel *Howe*, that they obtained little or no Benefit from that Disposition.

Modern Univerf. Hist. Vol. XL. p. 236.

^c He leaned on the Shoulder of a Lieutenant, who kneeled down that he might the more conveniently uphold him. While he was in the Agonies of Death, the Lieutenant called out, " They run." " Who run ?" replied the General. " The *French*." " Do the Cowards run already ?" were *Wolfe's* last Words ; " then I die happy," and expired. *Ibid.* p. 235.

“ Who fly ?” said he. “ The *Gauls*.”—“ Already fly ?”
 Reply’d the Hero, “ then content I die !” 440
 Thus to good Heav’n his grateful Thanks address’d,
 And in the Arms of Conquest sunk to Rest.
 d Supported thus in Agony, renown’d
 For social Virtues, and with Conquest crown’d,
Alcides erst was number’d with the Gods, 445
 And reach’d, from *Oeta’s* Mount, the bless’d Abodes.

IMMORTAL Man ! Thy Country’s early Boast,
 Too early to thy weeping Country lost !
 Long shall *Britannia’s* Sons thy Fate bemoan,
 And SCULPTURE rear the monumental Stone, 450
 Expressive there, in figur’d Emblems, tell,
 How great, how good, the far-fam’d Hero fell,
 Bid LEARNING’S CRESTED QUEEN, with Aspect sage
 And seeming Action, close the finish’d Page,
 And VIGILANCE th’ uplifted Finger hold, 455
 And wrinkled TIME the living Scroll unfold,

* There is a most-expressive Statue of the dying *Hercules*, thus supported by his Friend, in the Collection of the Earl of *Pembroke* at *Wilton*.

Lank TEMPERANCE expose her healthy Face,
 And dauntless COURAGE guard the sacred Place,
 Strict DISCIPLINE her hardy Sons inure,
 And point to SAFETY where she sits secure; 460
 There VICTORY shall bleed, in Death elate,
 And mock the solemn Pageantry of FATE:
 Her Eyes around shall shrewd OBSERVANCE throw,
 And mark each Meaning of the silent Show.
 The Virgin Hand shall still bestrew thy Grave 465
 With early Flow'rs (such Honours have the Brave)
 And each returning Spring shall deck thy Tomb
 With the pale Primrose and the Violet's Bloom.

THROUGH all the *Gallic* Host ran wild Dismay,
 They fled—and foul Confusion mark'd their Way, 470
 A thousand Captives swell the Victor's Train,
 And thrice five hundred bite the dusty Plain.

* NOW BOUGAINVILLE's fresh Troops in Sight appear,
 With tardy March slow-pointing to the Rear.

* *Bougainville* appeared in the Rear immediately after the Troops had gained the Battle; but, by the prudent Dispositions which Mr. *Townshend* made, he found himself obliged to retire to Swamps and woody Fastnesses. *Modern Universal Hist.* Vol. XL. p. 236.

VICTORIOUS TOWNSHEND caught the distant View, 475
 Form'd his prompt Ranks, and courts the War anew;
 But swift th' infected *Gauls*, like timorous Deer,
 Chose the safe Swamps, or fought the Woodlands near.

SUPERFLUOUS Tale! to say the War was o'er:
 QUEBEC must yield, when MONTCALM is no more; 480
 f Whose dying Words on TOWNSHEND weakly call,
 Imploring Mercy for the prostrate *Gaul*.
 How needless, generous TOWNSHEND, was the Line,
 Which ask'd Humanity from Hearts like thine!
 Humanity, through ev'ry Clime confess'd 485
 The native Tenant of the *British* Breast."

To my dear Soil restor'd, restor'd to Peace,
 From Travels now, from ruthless Wars I cease.
 No more the Nations dread the foreign Thrall,
 Nor the rude Insults of the tyrant *Gaul*. 490

f He expired in discharging the decent, but superfluous, Duty of writing a Letter, recommending the *French* Prisoners to *British* Generosity. Modern Univers. Hist. Vol. XL. p. 236.

HAPPY that best of Kings, whose sun-like Rays
 Chear his lov'd *Britain* with a milder Blaze !
 Happy the subject Sons ! who, like the Moon
 With Light reflected, give him back the Boon !
 Whose best of Glory, and whose richest Wealth, 495
 Is mutual Aid, reciprocated Health ;
 Whose wholesome Laws and sea-girt Realms evince
 The FREE-BORN PEOPLE and the PATRIOT PRINCE !
 O may thy great Example pour the Soul
 Of Virtue through the well-compacted Whole ! 500
 Bid INDUSTRY the Gold of Mines supply !
 Guard the chaste Honours of the nuptial Tye ?
 To TEMPERANCE mild the Reins of Reason give !
 Bid meek-ey'd MERCY, leagu'd with JUSTICE, live !
 Call white-rob'd FAITH, innoxious, from above, 505
 And nurse EUSEBIA with a Parent's Love !

THESE Flowers shall shed, encourag'd by thy Smiles,
 Perennial Joys around thy favourite Isles :
 These Flowers, in varied Order which unite,
 And form the vernal Scene of calm Delight, 510
 E. Preserve

Preserve their Beauty, where it first began,
And live, transplanted, with the Soul of Man,
In happier Climes exhale the rich Perfume,
And smile and flourish with immortal Bloom.

F I N I S